

# Latin School Register

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VOLUME XLV

DECEMBER, 1925

No. 3

## Advertisements

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# *The* Register

VOL. XLV

No. 3

DECEMBER, 1925



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF  
THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL

AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR,

BOSTON, MASS.

Entered as Second-class matter, Boston Post Office

## Christmas

Glory to God on high: and on earth peace to men of good will."

The Spirit of Christmas, though well-nigh two thousand hoary winters old, is ever as young in our hearts as it was in the hearts of the humble shepherds on the glorious night, when that beautiful message of peace was proclaimed to man. Never in the dark ages before, nor ever since to this enlightened world has such a message been proclaimed. It gave a peace which the greatest of wars of ancient or modern history have not been able to destroy--a peace indestructible, internal, divine.

There is another message:

"Now there abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity. Charity at any time is "the greatest of these," but Charity at Christmas-time becomes the greatest of the great. What Shakespeare says of mercy pertains likewise to Charity:

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed; it blesseth him who giveth and him who takes." We reap what we sow, the Bible tells us, and surely we can scarcely enjoy a riper or a sweeter satisfaction than that which results from a good deed generously performed or a kind word unselfishly spoken.

The first message depends greatly upon the second--Charity is the golden key to Christmas Peace and Happiness.





# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## The Promise

*By Norman Zeigler*

THE great Canadian Wilderness lay majestic under a thick covering of snow. A short distance to the west were the great Canadian Rocky Mountains upon which streamed the golden rays of the setting sun. The beauties of the sunset stood in sharp contrast with the barrenness, loneliness, and quiet of the plain beneath. The scene was simply another example of the handiwork of the Creator.

Never before had a sunset so greatly influenced the soul of Pierre Breault, who, sitting on the doorstep of a crude log cabin, was singing a song which his mother had taught him when he and his brother Jean were yet children. As he sat there and sang the old song, he became aware of an irresistible power which forced him to stare at the sunset. Suddenly, he imagined himself being drawn up by the powerful rays. Gradually he became aware of another's presence. There before him stood his mother. Her lips moved, and, as Pierre approached, he heard a name spoken again and again.

Pierre awoke. He thought the song and the sunset must have lulled him to sleep. He could not have slept long for the sun was just disappearing behind the mountains. Gradually he remembered the dream; and now he remembered the name. His mother had repeated the name of his brother, Jean. As he tried to understand the significance of the dream, his eyes were suddenly attracted by a black dot which was swiftly approaching over the snow.

Startled as he was at this sight, he breathed a sigh of relief as he entered the cabin door. For three years the thing which that black dot represented had hunted for him. For three years he had *known* that he was being pursued but never had he seen his enemy. Whether or not he would be taken by surprise, had been a matter of doubt, and anxiety. Now, when he saw that he could prepare for the meeting, he felt a burden leave his mind—a burden, which, if it had lasted much longer, would have made of Pierre the wreck of a man which it had made of his brother.

As Pierre stepped into the cabin, he called a cheerful hello to Jean. Jean started at the strained cheerfulness in Pierre's voice, yet he said nothing, but waited for his brother to tell him the cause of it.

Pierre sank into a chair beside Jean, and gazed steadfastly into the fire on the hearth before him. As he stared, he saw not the fire but the black dot coming nearer and nearer. It was an officer of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police coming to make a prisoner of Jean. It was then that Pierre grasped the full significance of his dream. His mother had warned him.

It was Pierre's promise to take care of Jean—a promise which he had given to his mother just before she had died—which had caused him to snatch his brother, a convicted murderer, from the hands of the Law; it was this promise that had enabled him to keep his brother for three years from being hanged: and it was this same promise which drove him to save Jean once more.

As the two brothers sat side by side before the leaping flames in the fireplace, the differences between them were clearly perceptible. On one chair sat Pierre, a tall, handsome, muscular man of twenty-eight years. His features, in fact, his whole appearance suggested a fine, strong character. The three years of flight had made but little impression upon him. This was probably due to the fact that his conscience was clear. Although he was shielding his brother from the Law, he felt that he was doing no more than his duty. He was ready to do a great deal more to keep his promise to his mother.

Beside Pierre sat Jean. He was only twenty-three, but the last three years of his life had made him look like forty. His face was lined, his hair was gray, his figure thin and frail, and bent. While his brother thought of a plan to save him, Jean was thinking of that eventful day when he had killed Jim Barker—*killed him in self-defense!* But there had been no witness to that fight!

Suddenly Jean's thoughts were interrupted by a cry from Pierre who had finally decided upon a plan. The older brother rose from his chair and began to pace up and down before the fireplace. As he walked back and forth, he spoke to Jean.

"Jean, old man," he said, "I am going to save you again. In half an hour the police will be here. We should soon be caught if we tried to escape now. Furthermore, I want to put an end to this life of fear and worry. We have to stay and settle it right here. This is my plan. You remember how the people used to say that we two looked very much alike? Since those days, Jean, you've changed a great deal. You've changed so much that no one would recognize you as old Jean Breault. On the other hand, I've changed only a little. If people used to call me Jean by mistake, why could I not be Jean, now?"

Jean trembled as he began to grasp the meaning of his brother's words.

"After all, old man," Pierre went on, "the description that the police have of you is a description of how you used to look. I've a promise to keep, Jean. I can see but one way to keep it. Let me give myself up in your place! There is no other way out. It is now a question of only a few minutes before he'll be here. Hurry and decide! You must agree to my plan, you must! Furthermore, I love you, Jean, I can't see you die. I have nothing to live for; and I'm not afraid to die in your place. Once Jean Breault has been hanged, you will have nothing more to fear. You can then go to the States and begin all over again."

As Jean listened he became more and more frightened. How could he let Pierre do this thing? In spite of all he had suffered, he loved Pierre too much for that. He arose and was just about to say "no!" to tell Pierre that he would not allow him to sacrifice himself.

The words froze on his lips. Into his mind came the thought of himself being hanged. He weakened at that picture. When he sank back into his chair, his mind was changed. He thought of being free from pursuit. He thought of his going to America, of his beginning anew in that land of which he had heard so much. After all, his brother was willing, even eager, to give up his life. Why should he not let him do so?

Suddenly a wolf howled. Immediately there followed the barking of a team of dogs. Jean started up in terror. At last he saw Pierre's plan in its true light. He threw himself upon his brother's shoulders and shouted, "Pierre, Pierre, you shall not do this for me! No, I won't let you, Pierre, I can't let you do it!"

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by a number of revolver shots. Then came the sound of footsteps on the cabin-stairs; finally, the impact of a number of heavy bodies against the door. Pierre, rifle in hand, and followed by Jean, rushed to the door. When he had opened it, he found, lying on the steps, the body of a man, and surrounding it was a group of wolves. Pierre emptied his rifle in their midst, while Jean dragged the body into the cabin. Pierre leaped in after them and barred the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few hours later Sergeant O'Donnell, for it was he whom the brothers had saved, sat on the edge of Pierre's bunk, and spoke to Pierre and Jean.

His first words after he had awoke from unconsciousness were, "Well, I guess you saved my life." Then he went on to tell the story of what had happened.

"The wolves are on a rampage this year," he said. "This is something which has not happened for a good many years. The cause of it is the intense cold, and the scarcity of food. A great many animals are dying off, and, strangely enough, the wolves are dying off as fast as any other species. Wolves will do anything when they are hungry. Those that almost 'got' me, had followed me for about two miles. They did not have courage enough to attack me while my dog team was with me. As soon as I left the team, they became bolder. They must have known that, with the dogs out of the way, it would be easy for them to 'get' me; and they must have realized that, if they were going to catch me at all, they must do so before I reached the cabin. Accordingly, they rushed upon me just before I reached the steps. With my gun I kept them off a few seconds. However, I was helpless when my gun was empty. They caught up with me, and were about to tear me to pieces when you came."

When O'Donnell had finished, he glanced at his audience. However, he found them not listening to him, but deep in thought. The one saw himself being hanged for a murder which he could not help; the other saw his sacred promise broken.

When the sergeant noticed that they paid no attention to him, he thought of his errand. For a moment he said nothing. Then a smile broke across his face—a smile that changed his face from that of a hunter of men to that of a loving father. Without a word he took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Pierre. When the latter saw Jean's name on it, he passed it to his brother. As a look of amazement passed over O'Donnell's face, Pierre knew that his plan would have been successful.

As Jean read the paper which the envelope contained, O'Donnell told the brothers that shortly after their escape, a witness of the killing had been found. Accordingly, a pardon had been written. O'Donnell's had been the pleasant duty of delivering it.

Pierre's promise had not been broken.

*Finis*





## The Miracle To Us

*By Alphonse Faureau,*

THE Miracle has come and gone.

What has it left in the mind and heart of the student of Boston? Far back in September the newspapers announced that Morris Gest was bringing to Boston the "Miracle." Lady Diana Manners was to play the Madonna. These two personages we had heard of, the former for bringing Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" to Boston, the latter for bearing the title of the best-dressed woman of England.

October came, Morris Gest came. Mr. Gest spoke at a luncheon or two held in his honor concerning the spectacle which he was presenting for the first time in Boston, Wednesday, October 28. Boston, he called his native town, where he first had sold newspapers, and little by little had climbed the ladder of success to the uppermost round. But, unlike Caesar, as the ambitious Brutus said, he wished to repay Boston for his debt to it. He was not going to require an initial amount of money as a security. This was his thanks to Boston, and, indeed, it was a large one.

Because of this, perhaps, Boston saw to it that Mr. Gest would not lose his money. The newspapers gave columns to the cause, the Boston Public Library gave up a room in which were placed photographs of the principal actors and scenes of the "Miracle." In the background of these pictures we saw a cathedral and wondered now Mr. Gest was to turn the Opera House into a cathedral.

Meanwhile out in Cincinnati the performances had drawn to a close, and the vast cathedral was literally razed. In fifteen or twenty special trains the scenes arrived at Boston. Designed by Mr. Norman Geddes, we were told that it was stupendous. Not a nail could be driven in the walls of the Opera House, so how was it to be erected? The enormous columns were heavily anchored below the stage as well as

fastened securely from above. It took two weeks to do this, only two weeks to turn the Boston Grand Opera House in all its splendour to a quiet, though enormous cathedral of old France, with stained-glass windows and a beautiful altar. Seats were removed in the orchestra to extend forward the stage, an organ was placed in the balcony, and the orchestra stalls were completely changed into cathedral pews.

We learned that Karl Volmöller had conceived this play, had collected the old legends and had placed it on the English stage in 1911. The war kept it from coming over to America sooner, and perhaps it is lucky that it did not, for had it come over during the war none of us would have seen it, I am afraid. Morris Gest finally did bring it over and it spent some time at the Century Theatre in New York.

Wednesday, October 28 had come and gone. Thursday morning we arose at 7.30, a half hour earlier, to read the accounts in the papers. All society had gone, all Boston except us had gone, it seemed. The critics had been there, Philip Hale among them. Not one of them criticized the performance unfavorably in the least. Did they find the "Miracle" a spectacle too marvellous for human minds to criticize? They related in brief the story of the legend and also about Mr. Gest. In his curtain call he had offered up a prayer of thanks for the help that the Bostonians had given him. Then, because of lack of sleep and strenuous overwork, he wept, he wept, for joy. The "Miracle" had been placed before Boston, his Boston, and had become a success. Who would not weep for joy? Thus ran the reports of the critics.

We had not been fortunate enough to have tickets for Wednesday's performance, but we did have some for the following Friday. So finally the night of



nights arrived and we found ourselves at the Opera House. Some of us did not get out of breath walking up flights of stairs but some of those who went "dutch treat" most likely did. Being young and having good lungs, we finally got back our breath.

We must state right now that our Latin could be better and when we heard a soprano, singing in Latin we did not immediately understand the meaning. Perhaps the soprano studied a different period of Latin than ours, and thus we did not have the same pronunciation. However, the lights went on, and we beheld the cathedral in all its magnificence. We had never seen such beauty before and could express our joy in silence only. This we continued to do all through the performance, no applause being allowed, no applause fitting the spectacle. There stood the Blessed Virgin statue which brought so many pilgrims to its altars and there worked miracles.

The action of the play began now in pantomime, and continuing in this way all through. The aged Sacristan surrenders her keys to the virgin nun, Migildis. Mobs came to the statue, and even at this pilgrimage a cripple is cured. Migildis is struck with fervor by this miracle, and when she sees a handsome knight, who can blame her for loving him, so tense are her nerves? The emotion which is in her surges and anything of fancy may take possession of her. In her youth and innocence she does not realize that to leave the nunnery means she will go up the Hill of Difficulty and down into the Valley of Destruction. She petitions the statue to allow her to follow the knight and live with him. The statue will not let her go, and finally Migildis in a frenzy tears the infant Jesus from her arms. The knight appears with the Piper, and Migildis lays down her saintly garments to flee with the knight. The statue now becomes alive and the Blessed Virgin descends from her pedestal and puts on

the clothes of the nun. For seven years she will carry out the tasks of Migildis. When all the nuns find that the Madonna has left her post, they are angry with the supposed sacristan and are ready to lay hands upon her, when she rises out of their reach to the altar. When it is seen that God wills them to leave her alone, the nuns are pacified.

In the meantime, Migildis is not having so pleasant a time as she thought she would. She and her knight are seized by a robber count, who kills the knight. A Prince gambles with the robber for the beautiful Migildis and wins. His father, the emperor, next desires her and slays his son the Prince by mistake. Insane, the emperor marries Migildis in a scene glittering with gold. The royal couple are clothed in it. The attendants resemble gold candelabras, candles, bells, gorgeously costumed. Soon the mob flings itself upon the two, and kills the Emperor. The nun will likewise meet her end; her head is already upon the block. But the crowd is moved by her beauty and allows her to go free. She next appears lying beside her new born babe. She sees the ghosts of her departed lovers and wishes to follow them, but the Piper restrains her. She hears distant church bells, for it is Christmas eve, seven years after her abandonment of her duties as sacristan. Somehow she drags herself to the Cathedral where the Virgin has changed the nun's garments for her own, those of the statue. Migildis puts on her nun's clothes and places her dead infant in the arms of the Virgin, then faints. The next morning the nuns find the Virgin back on her pedestal, Migildis unconscious at her feet. They rejoice. When Migildis sees the Madonna she begs forgiveness, which is given her.

We remain silent in our seats. Must we give up this newly-found world and go out into that almost unreal world which we habited so long ago? Shall we be saved by a miracle and pardoned for all our sins? Do miracles happen now?

## Post Mortem

THE Latin School football season has come once more to a rather unsuccessful close. Only a few times in the last ten or so years has our team been a good one. One reason for this is the fact that football in our school is under-emphasized. At least, this is the impression which one who attends the football games receives. Not only have the teams been rather poor ones but the cheering section has been just as poor. Now, we can't all join the football team, but almost all of us can go to see the games. A reporter of the "Evening American" said, "Football is not a game, although it is a sport. It is a sport in the same way as were the jousts and tourneys of the ancient knights. And it serves much the same purpose, namely to keep men hardened in body, and eager to face the exigencies of life. Therefore it is more than a game. It is a preparatory school for life. Why not call it by its right name and treat it as it deserves?"

This article seems almost to have been written for the Latin School in particular. Our school is fine in the scholastic end. This has been proved again and again, the most recent proof having

been the winning of a trophy for scholarship by the Latin School men at Harvard College. We must now pay more attention to the athletic side of school life. It is true that athletics have seen a great improvement in our school in the last fifty years; but do we wish to wait another fifty years or even twenty to see Latin School great in athletics?

The players who intend to be on next year's team have shown a deep interest in football by suggesting that weekly meetings be held during the coming winter. Coach Fitzgerald is only too willing to have these meetings. He will be able in this way to discuss with the team the rules and general tactics of football. This will be no doubt, a fine thing for the players. It will be almost as beneficial to them as a season of playing. Through these meetings we hope to build up a team that will defeat English High School next year.

Everything seems to indicate that next year's team will be a leader among the school teams. The whole student-body of the Latin School *must* and, we know, *will* back up the efforts of our coach and our team.

Support Latin School

## Comments of the Press

FOR winning the prize offered for the school whose candidates made the best record in the Harvard entrance examinations, the Boston Evening American extends its warmest congratulations to the Boston Public Latin School, and to its headmaster, Patrick T. Campbell.

Out of ninety-six boys admitted—one-tenth of the whole freshman class—twenty-four Boston Latin boys are on the roll of honor. The average of the seven highest Boston Latin candidates in a group of special subjects selected by the committee, was 89.12 per cent.

This is a striking achievement. It marks a great triumph for Boston Latin, for its able and well-beloved headmaster and his loyal staff of teachers.

Boston is proud of the fact that the Boston Latin School, under the inspiration and leadership of Headmaster Campbell, is the best High School in the capital city. But it will be an even prouder day for Boston when the thorough work done at the Boston Latin School can be acclaimed here and elsewhere as representative of the sort of work done in all the public schools of Boston.

Meantime, let us be thankful that the Boston Latin School has richly earned the prize for excellence which it has received, and the prestige among parents and teachers which it enjoys here and elsewhere.



ON MONDAY, November 30, the Head Master called a special assembly of Classes I, II, and III. After the customary devotional exercise and the rendition of a piano selection by S. Gerson of Class III, Mr. Campbell stated that he and the School were indebted to the members of the football squad who played in the Latin-English game, Thanksgiving Morn. He said that it was owing to the grit of each individual member that Latin School did not get a more inglorious defeat. When his remarks were concluded, he requested the players to pass out of the hall before the rest of us so that "we may see them". The players were given much applause, and well did they deserve it!

\* \* \*

There is, there *must* be a scarcity of musicians in the Latin School. For two assemblies in succession, the upper classmen have heard the same expert handle the ivories. If there are any more musicians, why don't they play *occasionally*? Come on, you embryo Paderewskies, show us that you *can* play!

\* \* \*

The Junior Debating Club is now open to the boys of Classes III and IV. Mr. Roland is no longer the Moderator, owing to his having assumed the duty of Faculty Adviser to the Senior Debat-

ing Club. However, Mr. Butler has put on his mantle and all bodes well for as successful a year as the preceding one. At a meeting, held Tuesday, December 1, the following officers were elected for the first term:

*President*—Harold E. Milontaler '28

*Vice-President*—Reuben Koenig '28

*Secretary*—William J. Hassan '29

*Treasurer*—Charles W. Quick '29

The club meets every Tuesday, at 2.30, in room 106.

\* \* \*

By the time this *Register* is in your hands, Work, the omnipresent driver of the Latin School, will have either made us or broken us. What class we shall be in next September depends largely upon what we do *now*.

\* \* \*

Story in a nutshell: Class of 1928; Freshmen in 1925; Sophomores in 1926; Juniors in 1927; Seniors in 1928; nothing in 1929. Is it not so?

\* \* \*

On Wednesday, November 25, Classes IV, V and VI attended the Second Public Declamation.

The effect produced by the new ruling regarding the Public Declamations could be instantly remarked by a glance at the program. "The old favorites" were strangely conspicuous by their absence. How refreshing it was to know that the



"next number on the program" would begin with neither "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," nor any other of the stereotyped introductions which have hitherto been heard at every Declamation. How delightful it was not to be able to proceed in advance of the speaker with the next stanza or sentence. Each Public Declamation henceforth will undoubtedly contain a treasury of new and interesting pieces. The new system has opened hitherto unheard-of highways and by-ways of literature to us. Here's hoping we take advantage of this opportunity!

\* \* \*

Rumor has it on authority of Colonel Penney—direct or indirect—that the school Regiment is about to be divided into two much smaller regiments, one of which shall be composed of nothing but the much abused "Pony" companies. True or otherwise, the *Register* is in hearty accordance with the plan. It certainly isn't encouraging to the morale of a company, the average height of which is forty-two inches, to know that at Prize Drill it will be in competition with very much larger companies. Knowing, however, that they have no one to fear but boys of their own height, the smaller boys will go into their work with a will in the hope of receiving a prize. The result will be better drilled companies and finer all-around soldiers.

The Dramatic Club has, for this year, at least, abandoned the custom of staging two plays. This departure from last year's precedent was due to the great strain on both the actors and the faculty director occasioned by the production of two plays. Because of this change in the plans, Mr. Russo has decided to secure a new play, the staging of which will occupy the entire attention of the Club. This play will undoubtedly appear during the month of February,

and it is hoped that the School will respond as splendidly to it as it has to its predecessors. The Dramatic Club is now established as a successful School institution, and there is no doubt that it will grow bigger and better as the years roll on.

\* \* \*

On December 3, a notice was sent around to the various rooms, bearing the glad tidings that three hundred tickets were available (free!) to Latin School students for the Boston University—M. I. T. hockey game at the Arena. There was an immediate rush to the office for the precious "pasteboards" and Mrs. Leave was kept busy in supplying the demand. The night of Friday, December 4, was very cold and rainy, but the Latin School turned out in goodly numbers, and had the pleasure of seeing an exciting and interesting game which was won by B. U., 5-1. Thanks for this entertainment are due to Mgr. George V. Brown, of the Arena, who was personally responsible for the distribution of these tickets.

The long and competitive fight for the Third Class Editorships has at last ended. Arnold Isenberg and William E. Harrison are now the Class III editors of ye *Register*! A word to the unsuccessful competitors: Keep up the good work—Mr. Dole will choose the 1926-27 staff in the latter part of the coming year.

Every Thursday afternoon, an opportunity is given to the boys of the Latin School to produce sweet harmony, by means of Nature's orchestra. The Glee Club meets at that time. Mr. B. Harold Hamblin is the director.

\* \* \*

The band has progressed by leaps and bounds. At the Latin-English game a commendable performance was given. Considering the small number of boys



in the Latin School band, when one compares it with the large English band, we well nigh have reason to be proud of it.

\* \* \*

Under the capable and painstaking direction of Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, the orchestra is reaching a high degree of perfection. Rehearsals are held on Tuesdays, at 2.05 P. M.

\* \* \*

In the catalog recently issued the name of Raymond S. Bernhardt, Advertising Manager of the *Register* Staff, was omitted.

\* \* \*

#### THE SENIOR DEBATING CLUB

**T**HE B. L. S. Debating Club is this year under the direction of Mr. Roland, who helped the team last year to complete a successful season. The Club was rather late in getting started this year, but it intends to engage in an active season of interscholastic debates.

On November 20, a debate was held on the question of "municipal primaries," in the city elections. On December 4 the modern standpoint of the question of Public Ownership of Coal Mines was discussed.

On Thursday, December 17, the trials for the B. L. S. Debating Team were held in Room 102, as had previously been announced by Mr. Roland. The subject for discussion was the much-discussed "Child Labor Amendment." The results of these trials will be announced in the January number of the *Register*.

Never in the history of the school were prospects so bright for a real championship debating team. Two members of last year's team are left, and with the aid of the old members of the Club, together with new blood from Classes II and III, an excellent team should be formed. Negotiations are under way for debates with Everett, B. C. High, several teams of college freshmen, and

as a final objective, Salem High School, the recognized U. S. Champions.

But the team requires something else besides its own ability to help it on its way to victory. It requires the whole-hearted support of the school. Last year there was a woeful lack of Latin School supporters at the interscholastic debates. We trust that such will not be the case in the future. Although rooters for the team cannot, of course, express their encouragement with verbal cheering as at a football game, they can, nevertheless, prevent the settling down on the audience of that hostile feeling which is always noticeably against that team which has no supporters present.

The Debating Team asks your support, gentlemen! Give it, and you are guaranteed results!

Due to the resignation of J. Moskovitz as Secretary of the Club, R. S. Bernhardt was elected to that position.

\* \* \*

#### \$250,000.00 TO SEND BOYS TO COLLEGE

To help develop leadership for the future among grammar school boys of today, The Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, has offered \$250,000.00 to be loaned to boys who desire to attend college.

To any boy who qualifies under the terms of this College Loan Plan, The Curtis Publishing Company will loan needed amounts up to \$1500.00 until the total of \$250,000.00 is outstanding.

The security for each loan will be the boy's character as developed in his home, in his school and in his work in delivering the Curtis publications.

The plan has been perfected with the advice and counsel of more than fifty of the country's leading educators and business men. It has their unanimous approval on the ground that American

business needs better trained executives and is finding it increasingly difficult to obtain them.

During the next three weeks, R. S. Bernhardt, Advertising Manager, will take over the duties of Business Manager, which position was vacated by R. B. Rogers, who will be absent from school until the New Year.

#### SPIRIT DELIGHTFUL

A delightful atmosphere of good fellowship greets one entering the lunch room of the Boys' Latin school. An airy, light room, the kitchen enclosure in the centre formed by the surrounding food counters. Each side of the room is filled with tables and chairs to which the boys carry their food for a comfortable meal after being served.

The boys and the room contribute to the friendly atmosphere, but the ruling spirit is bright-faced, cheerful Mrs. Fitzgerald, who, as head server, has been one of the institutions of the school for almost 23 years. To look at her motherly face is to know that she loves boys, and the orderliness and restrained gaiety of the students shows that they are co-operating by not allowing their high spirits to get the upper hand during the freedom of the noon recess.

Their choice of food is good, sandwiches and milk, or sandwiches and cocoa being the choice of the majority.

—*Boston Herald*

#### HARVARD HONOR TO BOSTON LATIN

*Trophy Goes to School for Record at Admission*

The Harvard interscholastic scholarship trophy, since 1915 awarded annually to the school whose candidates make the best record at the admission examinations, has been won this year by the Boston Latin School, of which Patrick T. Campbell, a Harvard graduate, is headmaster.

This is the first award of the new trophy, Central High school of Springfield gaining permanent possession of the old trophy by winning it four times out of the ten years it was contested for. The prize is offered to the school that presents the best team of seven candidates, regardless of the number of pupils actually taking admission examinations and of the college or colleges to which the seven are admitted.

#### *Record For This Fall*

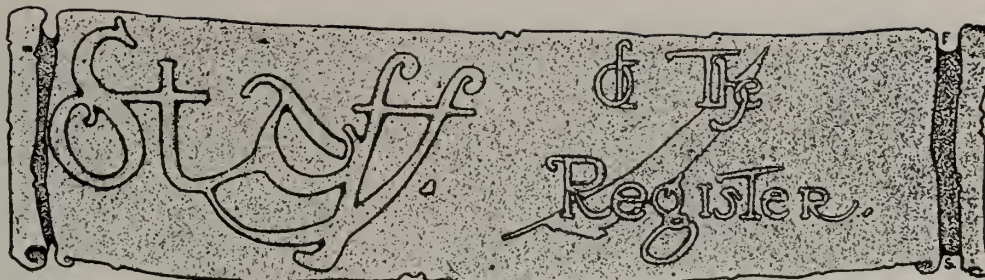
This fall, 96 boys were admitted—all by examination—to Harvard, from the Boston Latin School, or about one-tenth of the Harvard freshman enrollment. Twenty-four are on the roll of honor. The weighted average based on the highest examination grades obtained in four selected subjects in the case of each of the seven candidates constituting the team was 89.12 percent. Next in order stood the Taft School, only two of whose candidates came to Harvard—with a weighted average for its team of 88.35 percent.

The list of honor freshmen, 31 in number, is as follows:

*Boston Latin School*—George Alpert, David M. Owens, Harold Berliner, Joseph Robinson, Grover A. Chenoweth, Edward Rudin, Irving Colpak, David C. Sachs, George R. Faxon, Nathan M. Sachs, Charles F. Furguson, Marshall Schalk, Eugene L. Fisher, Lazard H. Seiff, Jacob Goldberg, Samuel Schwartz, Alfred Hurwitz, Henry Simon, John J. McGloin, Alexander L. Stott, Wilfred Mirksy, John C. Weeks, Sumner B. Myers, Julian L. Yeslawsky.

—*Boston Herald*

J. Sullivan, who played such a sterling game at end during the season, was elected captain of the 1926 team at the close of the season. We all wish him a successful season, even more successful than the last three years have been,



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## Play In One Act

**H**EAR Ye! Hear Ye! The next case to be tried: The *Register*, hereinafter known as the plaintiff, sues her lawful husband, Public Latin School, herein designated as the defendant, for divorce, charging non-support and mistreatment to herself and her child, Advertising Contest.

JUDGE: Bring tae plaintiff here. Now, madame, what seems to be the trouble?

REGISTER (sobbing): Well, your Honor, we've been happy but married for 47 years and until lately he's always taken good care of me, but now he doesn't seem to care what becomes of me. Why, he doesn't even give me enough to live on! I'll take him back, but he's got to treat me better or I'll leave him for good. He thinks I can live on air and make a good appearance on nothing, (sniff, sniff) the brute! After all these years, (Boo, hoo, boo, hoo!)

JUDGE (sniffing). That will do, madame. Now bring that rascal P. L. School here. Well, my man, what have you got to say?

P. L. SCHOOL (uneasily): Well, your Honor, you see it's like this—er, er, well I just kinda lost interest in her, that's all. No good reason y' understand. She's been a good and faithful wife, and I'm sorry for what I did. I'll take her back if she'll come, and I'll do anything you say to make up for it.

JUDGE: Come, children, kiss and make up.

REGISTER: Oh, Pub!

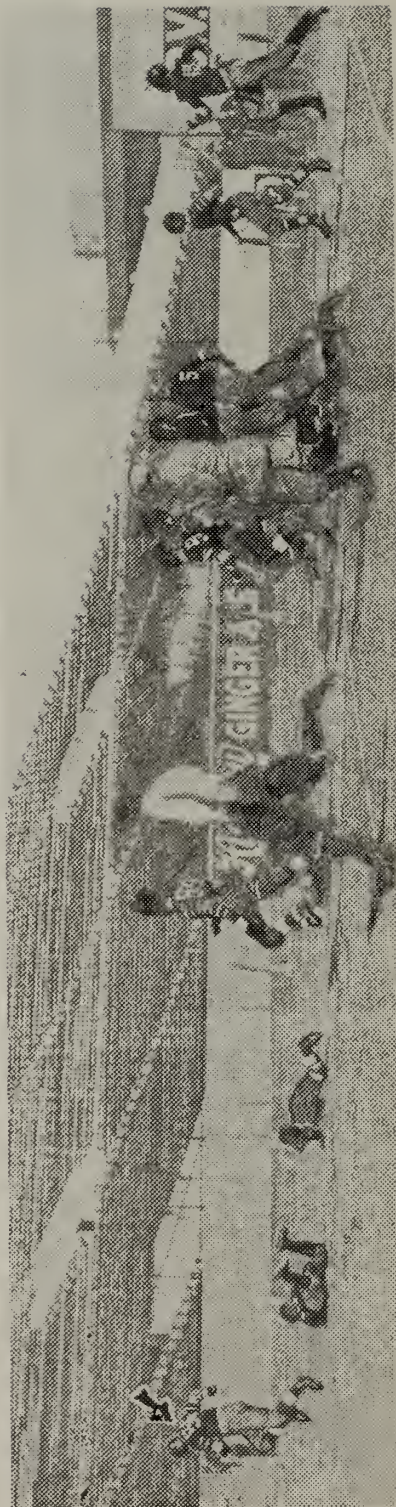
P. L. SCHOOL: Oh, Reggie (embrace), but your Honor, what's my punishment?

JUDGE: Um, your punishment is this: You must hereafter nourish your wife carefully and take good care of your child, ADVERTISING CONTEST,



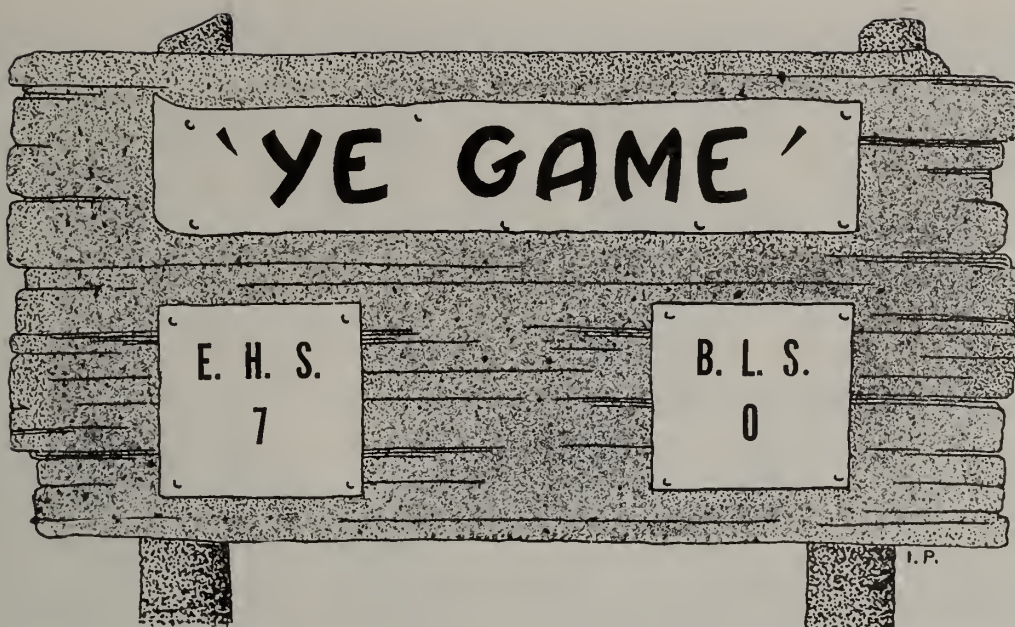


*Colbert Pulling Down Marr*



*Freno Running For A Touchdown*





**T**HANKSGIVING DAY dawned bright and clear with a cloudless sky giving promise of a fine day and fine footing on the field for the annual Turkey Day classic. The crowds began to swarm toward the field at an early hour and all seemed to be in good humor despite the thoughts of an early breakfast and lost sleep in order to be present at the start. Everyone managed to get unscathed past the hawkers who were earnestly beseeching them to "Pick the winning color" and "Have one red hot". By starting time about twenty thousand people were inside the somber walls of Braves Field, and thousands more were swarming down the street and crowding through the turnstiles.

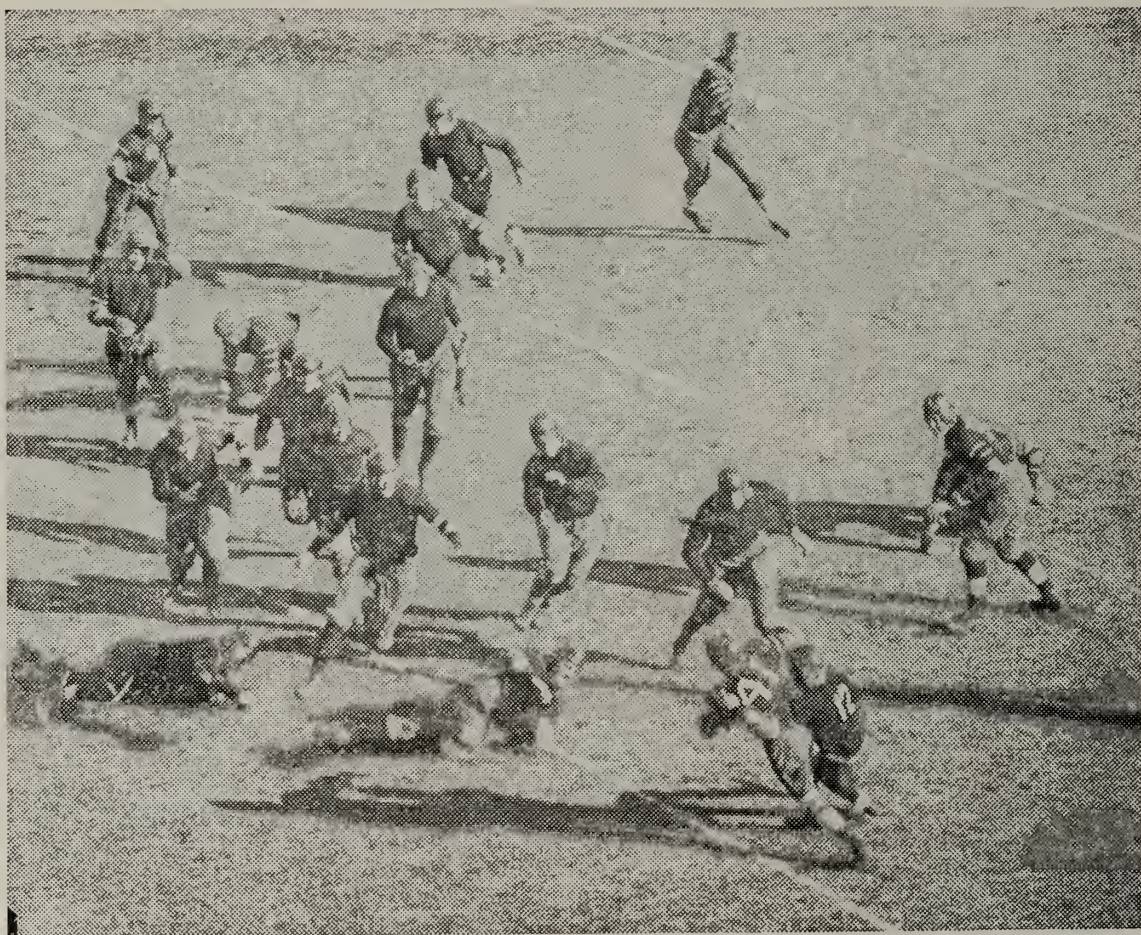
Throughout the crowd could be seen the bright clothes of feminine fans, and here and there were groups of alumni, young and old, renewing acquaintances and discussing the disastrous last three seasons. Every senior seemed to have a sister (?) with him; some even had two.

Gastar received the kick-off on the eighteen-yard line and ran it back to the forty. Latin fumbled, and English recovered on the thirty-five-yard stripe.

Marr gained four through guard. Doherty made two off tackle. Sheehan for fifteen around right end. Forward blocked. No gain in three rushes. Latin's ball and McGuinness punted to English's forty-yard line. Freno ten yards through left tackle. Marr eight yards around right end. West for Wells. Doherty two yards off tackle. Gaffney for Kiley. Freno fifteen around right end. Marr ten and Freno five off right tackle. Ball on two-yard line. English unable to gain and Latin gets ball. McGuinness punted to midfield. Marr made ten yards around right end. Freno stopped by Colbert. Marr to Latin's thirty-five-yard line. Forward, Marr to Freno, for touchdown. Marr kicked goal. End of first quarter.

This period was featured by the fine work of the line when the team was in a tight place. English seemed to be able to gain at will at midfield, but was



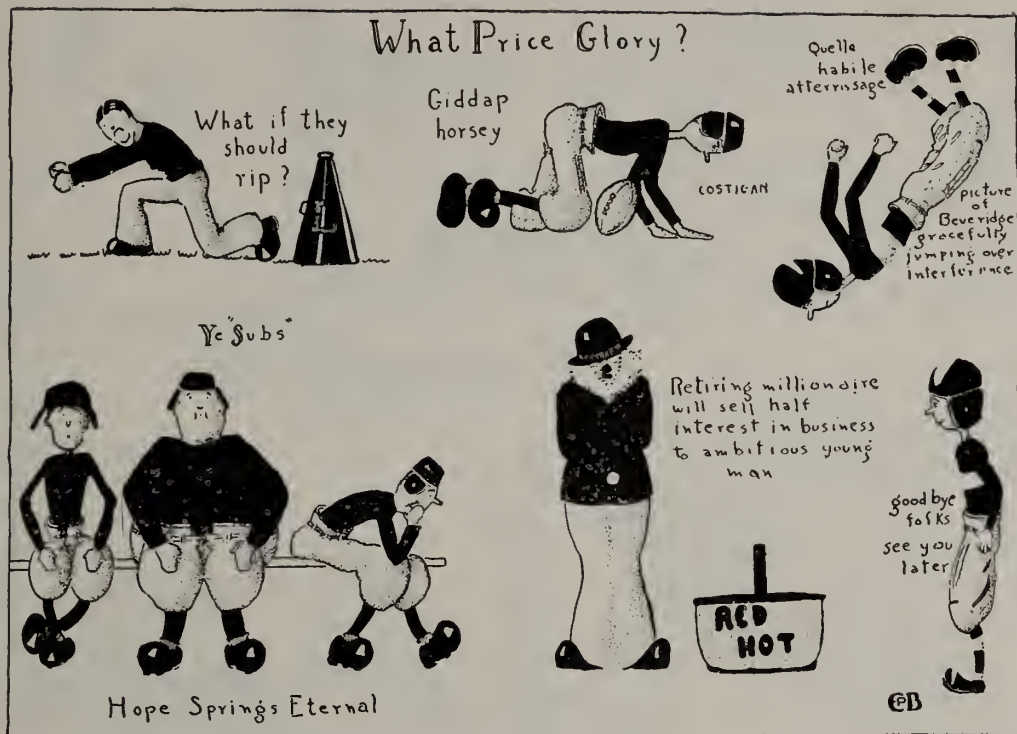


*McGuinness Tackling Freno*

always stopped when in a position to score. The fine work of Gastar must be mentioned, for it was he who made, four out of every five tackles in this period. In contrast with this was the poor work of the halfbacks, who seemed slow coming up to the line of scrimmage and were unable to get the runner although usually the interference had been broken up by the ends and tackles.

Mayers for Gaffney. Costigan kicked off to Marr on his twenty-yard line and he advanced it seven yards. Freno for twenty yards off left tackle. Colbert recovered Marr's fumble. No gain by Mayers. McGuinness punted to English's eighteen-yard line. English kicked to Latin's forty-five-yard line. Mayers re-

covered fumble at midfield. Short kick by McGuinness to English's thirty-yard line. F. Sullivan for Burleigh. Marr lkkicked to Latin's thirty-yard stripe. McGuinness punted to English's forty-yard line. Marr returned punt to ten-yard line. Five yards lost in three rushes. McGuinness kicked to our forty-yard line. Freno five yards off tackle. Marr kicked to Latin's five-yard line. First down for Latin made by Mayers off tackle. McGuinness made twenty yards around left end on fake kicks. Forward pass grounded. McGuinness punted to English's twenty-seven-yard line. Verge ran English's punt five yards in. End of half.



The team seemed to brace up in this period and English was held almost on even terms. During the intermission the crowd was entertained by both bands.

Costigan kicked to English's twenty-six-yard line and Freno ran it back to our forty-yard line. Marr kicked to Latin twenty and McGuinness returned kick to midfield. Marr punted to Latin's twenty. McGuinness six yards on double pass. Verge kicked to his own thirty-four-yard line. Marr made four yards off tackle. Sheehan for first down around right end. Marr for five yards. Time out for Latin. Forward pass blocked. Latin's ball. No gain in two rushes. Latin offside. McGuinness punted to our thirty-five-yard line. English made seven yards in three downs and Marr then punted to Verge who ran it back to his own fifteen-yard line. End of period.

McGuinness punted to English's thirty-five where Marr returned kick to Latin's twenty-five-yard line. Latin lost ten yards. McGuinness punted to his own forty-three-yard line. Kiley for Verge. Doherty made first down. Marr made five yards. Freno for first down. Marr stopped by Costigan. Flannagan for Colbert. Marr made first down off left tackle. Time out for Latin. Sheehan went to seven-yard line. Marr stopped by Gastar. End of game.

In this, the last game of the year, the team's attack seemed to be the worst of all the games played, only two first downs being made, both on individual runs. On the other hand the team seemed inspired on the defense when under the shadow of the goal, Gastar, Colbert and Costigan played their best games, especially on defense.





### SIDELIGHTS ON THE GAME

THE turkey did not taste as good as last year, did it? A score of seven to nothing with Latin on the short end is a bitter sauce with which to flavor the old Thanksgiving dinner. Oh, well—it seems as if they sort of deserved it after five years. Just think of how many dinners we have spoiled for them.

It made us feel pretty good after all to watch the fine fight that our team put up. Only one man on that team had played against English before. That one was Captain Colbert. Every other member of the team was playing for the first time against our ancient rivals. Yet, the entire team played the head-up foot ball that would be expected of veterans.

This year we had our own band to play for us. Yet with all the good music the singing was as poor as ever.

The cheering—it would be better to leave this topic unmentioned. Let it suffice to say that it did not measure up to Latin School standards.

It was a fine day for a football game, dry under foot, clear and sharp. The

conditions were more suitable than they had been for quite a few years.

That English mule looked quite docile. He kicked pretty hard though.

A large number of boys on both teams will oppose each-other again next year. It ought to be another good game.

When it was last down for English with the ball on our two-yard line, we all held our breaths. Then came that surprise play, the ball was hidden under a mass of players, the whistle blew, the players untangled themselves, and the ball was still on the two-yard line. Wasn't there a bit of pride for our fighting team in that sigh of relief after McGuinness punted out of danger?

We noticed that there were a number of those humorous (humorous to English, but sad to us) placards brought out by the English cheerleaders, but none seemed forth-coming from the Latin side of the dug-out.

Well, it all "boils down" to one thing; they had a better football team than we, but not a better spirited one.



## Not Quite Perfect

*by Arnold Isenberg*

CORPY strolled into the lobby of the Bachelor Club, his hands in the spacious pockets of his Palm Beach suit, completely filling them, and a thoughtful look on his florid countenance. Corpy was very popular among the members of the Bachelor Club, and those who were then present and who were used to seeing the big, fat, jolly, forty-five-year-old boy burst into their presence like a hurricane, rush over and slap them on the collective back with a resounding whack, and then amuse them with a collection of jokes, yarns, and anecdotes which never seemed to run dry, were rather puzzled to account for his present appearance. Corpy, unmindful of their curious glances, walked, by instinct rather than by sight, toward his favorite corner, settled his immense bulk into an empty chair and seemed immersed in thought.

Edward Everett McClosky, his favorite friend, took it upon himself to discover the cause of his brother Bachelor's "illness." He approached and drew up a chair next to that of his friend.

"Say Corpy—," he said after a few moments of silence.

"Huh?"

"Listen, Corpy—,"

"Mr. Alexander Corpson, if you please. Oh, it's you, Everett," he said, looking up for the first time. "Sit down and make yourself homely. Don't mind me."

"But, Corpy," he remonstrated, "won't you tell me what's the matter with you? Don't you think y' better see a doctor?"

"Naw, I ain't sick. Just had a hard day of it, that's all."

"What's the matter? Trouble at the office?"

"Oh, the business's all right. Besides, I don't work Saturday afternoon. Y'-see—well, it's a long story. Mebbe you wouldn't like t' hear it."

"I wouldn't, eh? I'm just dyin' from curiosity."

This being the answer Corpy expected, he proceeded to wet his lips, make several false starts, and perform all the other preliminaries necessary to create an atmosphere of solemnity, and seriousness. At last he began:

"Remember Thelma Ralston, that I used t' go around with some twenty years ago?"

"Yeh."

"Well, as y' remember, I was kind o' sweet on her an' it looked like a match for a while, but she fell for a Greek god named Daniel Lord.

"Well, he was a kind of a nice feller an' I still remained a friend o' the family, even to this day.

"Howsoever, to come to the point, y'see Thelma had a father an' a mother, as likewise did young Mr. Lord. Now, Thelma's dad was one of the brainiest fellers on the Stock Exchange, while her mother was one o' the best-lookers on th' market. On the other hand, old man Lord was a brute with a punch that could kill a cow, an' his lawfully wedded spouse was the most magnetic girl that ever drew a crowd with a smile. So, y'see, it was a case of a girl with brains an' looks marryin' a gent with strength and personality.

"Their son, Daniel Lord, Junior, inherited his mother's brains an' beauty an' his Dad's strength and personality, besides such little incidentals as his Aunt Hetty's gift of gab an' his Uncle Jock's money.

"Well, Thelma wrapped herself up completely in th' coming president, an' by means of the Coue system, managed to get him all wrapped up in himself, so that before he was reciting his ABC's, he firmly believed that he was destined to put Lincoln, Washington, Bryan, an' other amachooers distinctly in the shade. His mother also appointed herself press and publicity agent, as well as advertising manager, to the growin' genius, so the poor fellow was handicapped from the start with such titles as "The Perfect Man," "The Million Dollar Kid," and so forth, all brothers and sisters of his, that is, brain children of his mother. Whenever she thought up a new one, she would tell it to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Smith, who would pass the good word on to Mrs. Jones, addin', however, that she didn't believe that Lord boy was half so clever as Mrs. Jones' young hopeful, or even as her own Johnny. There bein' scores of Mrs. Smiths an' Mrs. Joneses in the neighborhood, the news that Mrs. Lord's junior had distinguished himself in class, or had written a delightful poem, on 'Springtime,' or was to pitch for his room team made the rounds of the district on horseback, being received by the women with secret envy, by the men with admiration, an' warnings to their sons to wake up, an' not let that Lord boy put anythin' over on them, by each of the neighborhood girls with determination to add another to her string of conquests, and by the boys with scornful disdain.

"Howsoever, th' prodigy soon began t' live up to his various titles. He was a clever kid an' in spite of everything his mother could do t' ruin him, he intended t' make a success out of life—an' here's where his progenitors fitted into the natural scheme of things. Of course, his material grandad's brains came in handy now and then, as such things are likely to do, so that he managed to outstep his class in everything from checkers t' solid geometry. Dear old Aunt Hetty's gift of gab always aided him in arguments with girls and grown-ups, while the strength of his father's sire always managed to get the last word for him in a tilt with one of his own age an' sex. His mother's beauty didn't detract from his appearance, an' the personal magnetism of his paternal grandmother, combined with his Uncle Jock's cash (which, by the way, came in handy in divers manners), soon brought upon him a multitude of friends, so that, by the time the sixteenth anniversary of one of the World's greatest events rolled by, Junior knew every man, woman, and child in the Ward by his, her, or its first name, used the City Directory as a classification, the most convenient possible, of his personal friends—mind you, his *personal* friends,—and had to borrow his father's adding machine when he wanted to count up his passing acquaintances. So y' see, even in his sixteenth year he was beginning t' sow th' seeds that were going to bring him soaring t' the heights, th' beheld of all beholders.

"Came 17. Thelma had by this time become alarmed at seein' her son conversing intimately with people, who though they were undoubtedly honest, hard-working folks, certainly didn't have their names on th' Social Register. She wanted her boy t' be a leader o' men, but it must be made quite clear first that he himself was a demigod and as much unlike th' ordinary run of mortals as an eagle to a snail. So she decided t' pack him off to college, far from the crude influences which surrounded him at home. As a result of her wily schemes, September 1 found Junior on a train bound for Harvard University, or perhaps it was Yale. I forget which it was, but anyway, the train stopped at Cambridge, or New Haven, and thus began Junior's college life.

"Well, to make the long story short, Junior's ancestors stood him in good stead at college, as elsewhere, an' that's th' whole story in a nutshell. In his sophomore

year he was voted the most popular fellow in all Harvard (or Yale) an' it's in his sophomore year that my story begins. Now don't get fidgety. I told yer this was gonna be a long story, an' now ye've got me started an' I can't stop. So listen.

"In his sophomore year, Junior went out for the football team of dear ol' Yale (or Harvard), and as his paternal grandpop, he of the mighty arm, was always right in there, helpin' him out, he made the team in no time as star halfback. Well, the team was one of the classiest bunch of roughnecks that Yale (or Harvard) ever had. They licked all their enemies by golf scores an' their supporters were willing t' bet that they'd do the same to Harvard (or Yale). Reports kept comin' out o' Cambridge (or New Haven), however, that their hated rivals also had a great team an' were prepared to walk all over their dear ol' Alma Mammy.

"Well, the great day came. Harvard was playing Yale, an' I, as an old friend of the family, was dragged out to see Junior do his tricks (Junior's daddy was too busy to attend). When I entered the Bowl, I was never so surprised in all my life. I never saw a riot like that since the night of the Tillings dance when they suddenly discovered that the chief musician had small-pox. Howsoever, the babel those outraged guests made didn't hold a candle to the noise that was going on here.

"When the game began, the cheerin' subsided an' I managed t' put in a few minutes of much-needed slumber, bein' disturbed only by the click o' one o' these movin' pitcher cameras behind me. I was waked by a great burst of cheerin', the loudest since the beginnin' of the game. I opened my eyes an' looked out on th' field. A man dressed in th' red (or blue) of Harvard (or Yale) was running like sixty toward the opposing goal line, and nobody was there to head 'im off except Junior, who was standin' directly in front of the goal posts. On an' on ran th' man in blue (or red), an' I thought Thelma'd go into hysterics, an' when I looked again Junior was lyin' down in th' mud, the man in blue (red) was over the goal line, half the stands were in ecstasies, an' th' other half in th' deepest despair. Then a whistle blew an' it was all over.

"We made our way out of the Bowl as quickly as possible an' went t' th' hospital where Junior had been taken. Junior was sittin' up in bed waitin' for us, and then began a story-telling period such as no radio station ever broadcasted. Junior's story (I didn't know it was a story till later) was about that he had grasped th' enemy firmly an' was about to throw him to th' ground, when the cur struck out an hit him squarely in th' stomach, after which, he couldn't do anythin', and the wise guy crossed the goal line. Thelma, trusting soul, never doubted this story. Everything had happened so quickly that neither of us had seen what really happened on the field. Her son was as much of a hero to her as ever.

"It was about a week later, that is, this afternoon, when I called at th' Temple of Worship (i.e. Lord's house) only to find that Thelma was goin' to the movies with Mrs. Smith. After due deliberation, I decided to honor her with my accompaniment (not tellin' her th' same in so many words, however), an' we were soon settled in the second row of th' Casino, Home of Super-Pictures. A rip-roarin' Wild West melerdrama was followed by one o' these slapstick, pie-throwin' comedies, an then came somethin' that read like this: 'News o' th' World; Sees All, Knows Nothing.' Well, honest t' goodness, that there News o' th' World was th' most inconsistent thing I ever saw. It jumped from a jungle scene to the great fire in Hoboken, New Jersey, an' then back t' th' manoeuvres of the United States fleet in th' Pacific an' the Prince o' Wales reviewing the Swiss Navy on th' Hudson River.



Howsomever, about in 'th middle o' th' works, just after the new gold rush in Alaska, somethin' flashed on th' screen in big headlines that went like this:

'Harvard an' Yale battle before 60,000 spectators. Thousands see ol' rivals play annual game.'

"I could see that Thelma was interested by the way she leaned forward t' get a better view.

" 'Spenser of Harvard (or Yale) gets loose,' continued the film, an' scores on fifty yard run. Slow motion camera takes it all in! Then it showed Spenser runnin' slowly down the field followed by a dozen or so men on both teams. I tell yer, it was wonderful th' way th' pitcher showed everythin' just as it happened. As the runner ran on, I don't think Thelma saw them, 'cause she was so intent on watchin Spenser.

"Well, she saw him run on an' on; saw Junior appear in th' pitcher for th' first time; saw his knees shake as th' runner approached; saw the queer expression on Junior's face; saw him clutch the runner weakly; saw Spenser squirm out o' his grasp; saw him cross the goal line; saw Junior put his hands to his stomach an' fall to th' ground; saw him look up to see if anyone was looking; saw him dig his face into the mud; and saw th' supporters o' the winnin' team jump onto th' field an' do a snake dance! An' don't forget, Mrs. Smith was right there an' she saw it too, all of it! An' don't forget, Mrs. Smith has a capable mouth, an' Mrs. Smith's Johnny isn't as clever as Junior. Well, Thelma managed to last it out, but I don't see how she managed to do it.

"Now, y' know, Everett, I'm just thinking that it's pretty tough when all your dreams of eighteen years go ker-plop. Junior may still be a great man, but he'll never be th' same t' Thelma."

(Finis)

#### REGISTER ROOM REPORTERS—1925-6

100	James Carrigan	208	Elias Benson
101	W. J. Sullivan	210	F. Ellsbrie
102	James Mullen	211	P. W. Burleigh
103	Harold Smith	212A	G. Nathanson
104	G. L. Smith	212B	J. Amster
106	L. Lucas	214	R. Trovin
107	W. O'Brien	215	P. McGrath
108	K. C. Stuart	216	W. J. Brunette
112	A. Blaney	217	G. Cuddy
114	L. Anderson	218	A. Silver
115	James Foley	300	G. Frazier
116	R. Yunec	301	F. W. Burnham
117	J. Hoyer	302	T. Walsh
118	Noah Goldberg	303	A. Kruger
200	G. L. Shirley	304	R. Borus
201	E. J. Awray	306	E. Massel
202	J. Fitzgerald	307	S. Zeitlen
203	A. Isenberg	311	F. Dickerman
204	R. Kornikow	316	W. Feinberg
206A	H. Spiegel	317	J. Moskowitz
206B	S. Rudofsky	318	H. Rosen
207	L. T. Amiriam		





#### TRADE 6--LATIN 2

ON NOVEMBER 5, Trade managed to squeeze out a lucky win at Brookline field. Flynn received the kick-off and ran it back five yards. On the first play Latin fumbled and it was Trade's ball. They failed to gain in four plays and it again was Latin's ball. Latin then tried a forward but here the fleet Trade halfback was camped under it and although several players dove at him, no one could bring him down and he raced over the goal for a touchdown. J. Sullivan blocked the try for point. This was all Trade could do the rest of the game, for the team showed an attack for the first time and rushed the ball up the field, only to lose the ball on the three-yard line. Trade punted out and Latin again started a rush toward Trade's goal. A forward, McGuinness to West, put the ball on the ten-yard line. The team then brought the ball to the three-yard line again, but, lacking a scoring play, was unable to push it over. Trade, however, took no chances and on the second play took a safety, bringing the ball out to the thirty-yard line.

Latin kicked off in the third period, but Trade was unable to gain and punted. Colbert recovered a fumble

by one of his own backs and Latin punted. Chamberlain ran the kick back twenty-five yards to mid-field. A field goal by Lewis missed fire. Latin then punted to Trade's forty-yard line. Here J. Sullivan blocked his second punt of the game and, although he seemed headed for a touchdown, was brought down on the twenty-yard line. Twelve yards were lost in four plays and Trade took possession of the ball. They punted to Latin's thirty-yard line where the game ended.

#### *Trade*

Stratton, le  
Anderson, lt  
Chabon, lg  
Steinberg, c  
Parineau, rg  
Murphy, rt  
Schneider, re  
Chamberlain, qb  
Lewis, lhb  
Devardi, rhb  
Hawkes, fb

#### *Latin*

re, J. T. Sullivan  
rt, Dunn  
rg, Costigan  
c, Roach  
lg, F. W. Sullivan  
lt, Colbert  
le, Gaffney  
qb, McGuinness  
rhb, Verge  
lhb, Mayers  
fb, Flynn

Touchdown, Lewis. Safety, Goslin. Substitutes, Trade: Whelan, lt; Maher, lg; Goslin, qb. Latin: Hutchins, Saponaro, lg; West, le; Hoyer, Verge, rhb; Maloney, fb. Referee, McCabe. Umpire, Woodlock. Linesman, Murray. Time, twelve minute periods.

## LATIN 7—MECHANICS 0

THE first victory of the year was turned in November 12, over Mechanics at Brookline field. Costigan made a fine kick-off, putting the ball on Mechanic's five-yard line. From here they punted only about fifteen yards. A series of rushes netted a first down but the attack failed and Mechanics took possession of the ball. Another short punt went only to the fifteen-yard line. A few rushes brought the ball to the goal line, where McGuinness took it over. Costigan kicked the goal.

Kiley received the kick-off and carried the ball to the thirty-six-yard line. The next two periods were uneventful, Latin continually rushing the ball up the field, but being unable to score. In the last quarter the team uncorked a rushing attack in which Gaffney carried the ball most of the time. The ball was carried up the field twice but several chances to score were lost by fumbles and the game ended with the ball on Mechanic's thirty-yard line.

The game was featured by the tackling of Sherman, the Mechanics captain. The team seemed to have new spirit in this game and but for several inopportune fumbles several more touchdowns would have been scored. Colbert played his usual fine game on the line and was ably assisted by Costigan. Gaffney, although he did not start in the backfield, showed he deserved to be there by his fine work in the last period.

*Latin*

West, le  
Gaffney, lt  
Colbert, lg  
Mulhern, c  
F. Sullivan, rg  
Costigan, rt  
J. Sullivan, re  
Mayers, qb  
Verge, lhb  
McGuinness, rhb  
Kiley, fb

*Mechanics*

re, Cullen  
rt, Lofgrin  
rg, Todd  
c, Bradley  
lg, Hardy  
lt, Forsberg  
le, McCarthy  
qb, Sherman  
rhb, Orr  
lhb, Gavin  
fb, Kenney

## DORCHESTER GAME

OUR game with Dorchester was not a success, if scores are counted, but our boys surely put up a bitter, if not effective, struggle. On the very first play, West, the end, was knocked out, and Verge took his place, playing very creditably. Dorchester's first score came in the opening period, after a forward pass had advanced the ball fifteen yards. After a series of line plunges Murphy made a touchdown. Again after a forward pass, gaining thirty yards. Dorchester made a touchdown.

Between the halves our team must have received a severe talking to, because in the last half they pulled themselves together and showed a fine defense. They showed their strongest offence here, also, making two first downs within five plays. The game ended, however, before they could score.

This was the game which unfortunately incapacitated two of our best players. In the first play Roach, as well as West, was knocked out, but it was not so apparent, and he continued playing with a seriously injured leg. This later developed complications, and he was unable to play in subsequent games. Beveridge received early in the game a dislocation of the joint in his shoulder, in spite of which the force of his tackling did not diminish. The tackling was good all around, Gastar and Gaffney both tackling hard. Mayers played a very good game.

## DORCHESTER 21—LATIN 0

May, re	le, West
Tunney, rt	lt, Colbert
Katz, rg	lg, Hutchins
Kerins, c	c, Roach
Silverman, lg	rg, Costigan
Jenney, lt	rt, Dunn
Ginsberg, le	re, Sullivan
Shea, qb	qb, McGuinness
Murphy, lhb	rhb, Gaffney
Conley, rhb	lhb, Beveridge
Kontoff, fb	fb, Gastar

## A Review

THE football team of 1925 did not do too badly although its victories were few. Among the candidates there were but two veteran players, Captain Colbert, and Wells, who played left end. All the others were new and knew very little about the game at the beginning of the year. Under this handicap Coach Fitzgerald went to work. His was the task of making a team out of almost new material. As a result of his work, the team developed well, and towards the end of this season the players knew something about football.

If this is true, why did our team lose to English High School, the last game of the year? The reason for our defeat is that the English High School team was far superior to ours. The Latin School team did well to hold its opponent to a score of 7—0; the score should have been much larger in their favor, judging by the strength of their team.

However, although the season has not been a succession of victories, there is one redeeming feature. We may look to a better year in 1926. Almost all of our players will be in the lineup next year. Only four, McGuinness, Mayers, Gastar, and Kiley, will graduate. With an advantage like this we ought to have a fine football team next season. On the other hand, to offset this the entire English High School squad will play again next year. No matter how many victories we pile up during the season, if we lose to English, the season has been more or less of a failure for us. Therefore it is absolutely essential for us to win next year's game. This can be accomplished only by hard work on the part of Coach Fitzgerald and on the part of every individual player.

The best game of this year was the game against Trade School. Although

we lost, our team showed the real fighting spirit and knowledge of football tactics better than in any other game. The coach of Trade School admitted that we should have won.

Seventeen players received their letter this year. The outstanding players were: Captain Colbert, a very consistent player; Sullivan, who was elected captain of 1926, and who played fine ball all through the season; Saponaro, who did not play in the English game on account of injuries; and two centers, Roach and Mulhern. The former was hurt in the Dorchester game, and Mulhern did very well in his place.

Mr. Fitzgerald hopes to have equipments for class teams next year. This is bound to stir up a great deal of interest in football. When our school once has class teams, our school football team is bound to be far better. For the first year or two that a student is in our school, he will be able to play on a class team, and thus improve himself until he will be capable of joining the big team. If each of the players on the school team goes through this process of advancement, he will be a good player when he shall have joined the school team.

There is another plan which our coach would like to accomplish. He said he thought it was too bad that the field back of the school can not be fixed up for practice. Not only would this benefit the school team by giving it plenty of room in which to practice, but it would also serve as a stimulant to stir up interest in football. A great number of the students—many more than do so now—would play football in this field.

With these plans in mind, we ought to be able to look forward to a really great football season next year.



## Alumni Notes

J. Jackson Putnam '62, Professor of Neurology, is to speak at the Harvard Medical School.

Morton Prince '71 presided at the first lecture given on Oct. 20 in Steinert Hall on "Psychology and the Quack."

Matthew V. Pierce '73 is one of the committee elected to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the class in 1927.

An allotment from the income of the Milton Fund for Research has been made to James Haughton Woods '83 Professor of Philosophy at Harvard; for two years to complete research connected with Visuddhi Majga and literature relating to this book.

Philip S. Parker '86, justice in the Brookline Court was chairman and toastmaster at a dinner given to his predecessor, Charles F. Perkins.

E. P. Davis '95 was toastmaster at a dinner given at the Harvard Club of Minnesota, St. Paul, on Oct. 10, preceding its 43rd annual meeting.

Ralph H. Hallett '00, who was in Japan on business for the United States Shipping Board brought greetings from the Harvard Club of Washington, D. C. of which he is secretary, to the Harvard Club of Japan. He spoke at the Japan Industrial Club, Tokyo, on Tuesday, Sept. 22, on the relations between Japan and the United States, especially regarding education.

Elias Field '00 a member of the law firm of Brown, Field and McCarthy, Boston, is a member of the committee on standards recently appointed at the School of Law of Northeastern University.

Philip C. Staples '00 has been appointed Publicity Chairman and choirmaster of the Harvard Club of Philadelphia.

Major Louis H. Paver '05, U. S. A., who has been for the past six years commandant of the School of Aviation Medi-

cine has been ordered to the Army War College, Washington, for duty as a student officer during the current session.

Charles E. Almeda '11, recently became midwestern representative of the Bridgeport Chair Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., covering Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and residing at Columbus, Ohio.

William C. Guay '14 has been elected vice-president and director of Boyden and Workman, Inc., accountants and auditors.

Eliot M. Bailen '22, has been elected treasurer of the Deutscher Verein at Harvard.

E. Donaghey '25 received his Harvard numerals. He played in the Harvard-Yale Freshmen game.

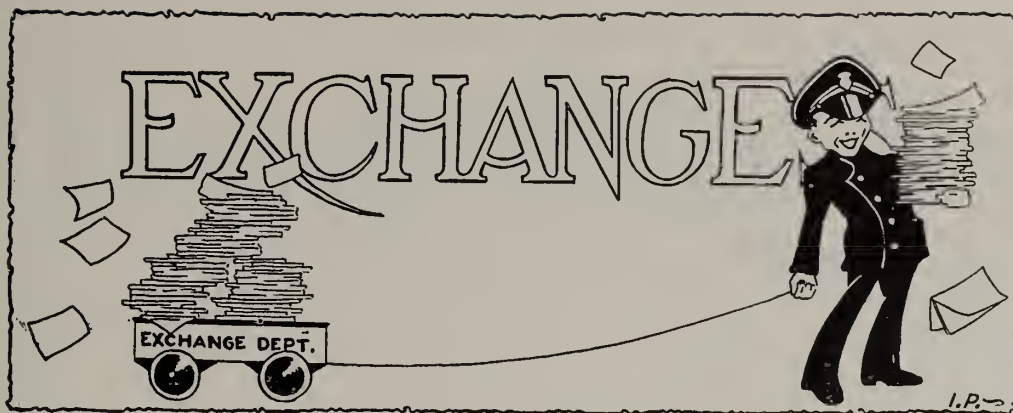
James Lawrence Carrol '22 has been appointed a member of a special student committee by the Harvard Student Council of which he is a member also.

Roger Doherty '21 received his letter from Harvard. He played in the big Harvard-Yale game.

The School is grieved to learn of the death of Dr. Walter H. Kelley '93, which occurred Nov. 16, 1925. He is survived by a widow and three sons, Walter H. Kelley, Jr., B. L. S. '25; Charles Kelley '28, and Francis Kelley.

Douglas R. Gates '21 was elected a member of the Rhode Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa at Brown University last June.

Claudius Buchanan Webster '19, is one of eighteen students selected for training as motion picture actor by the Paramount Picture School. His stage name is Claud Buchanan. He was a bugler in the war and entered theatrical work immediately after leaving school. "Screenland" characterizes him as "the manly, chivalrous type, portrayed by Richard Barthelmess."



THIS month we received a larger number of magazines and a smaller quantity of papers than last month. We are renewing old acquaintances, as it were, and hope to meet new friends in this column. We realize that an exchange column receives little attention from the student body. It is uninteresting to a large number of readers and perhaps they wonder why it is maintained. An exchange department is a vastly important part of a school publication. It acts as an aid to editors planning an issue. That is its primary object. No publication is beyond criticism and the friendly comments and suggestions of a department of this sort help greatly in choice of material and arrangement.

The *Beacon*, Boston University.—Last month the writer complained of the scarcity of humor in this magazine. He now realizes his error and apologizes. This is a purely literary publication and it is a fine one. Editorials, stories, poems, and articles are well written, interesting compositions.

The *Grotonian*, Groton School.—A neat publication. There was a nice set of alumni notes, and your school notes are commendable. There were only two stories and these were very short. Wouldn't a bit more fiction and a few more cuts improve your magazine?

The *Record*, English High School.—There is little the matter with the *Record*. Stories of merit, well planned departments, and good cuts go to make up an interesting issue.

The *Bulletin*, Lawrence High School.—A nice magazine when one gets past the cover. Perhaps we, having a dislike for overlapping covers, are prejudiced. Your *Scientific Notes* are interesting. Don't you find an overlapping cover mussy and very apt to get frayed, though?

The *Student*, Holmes High School, Covington, Ky.—Another one of those covers. Compact and well arranged with an eye to having all articles read. Printing articles from exchanges is an excellent thought.

The *Recorder*, Winchester High School.—This commendable publication contains two and a half solid pages of editorials. Good school notes and alumni notes are fine features of this magazine.

The *Orient*, East Side High School Newark.—A pleasing exchange. Why not scatter your fiction a little rather than group it under one department?

The *Belmont Sentinel*, Belmont High School, Los Angeles.—You have a fine little paper. *Acta Diurna* is altogether different from anything we have met with this year. *Ravings* is very clever.

A well arranged paper

## Killed in Action

IT HAS been an outstanding attribute of the Latin School man of the past that, no matter what epitaph has been inscribed on his tombstone, no matter how lengthy and beautifully written it has been, a chance observer, standing at his grave, might think how much more fittingly, the three words, "Killed in Action," might have been inscribed, as a description of the life and death of that particular Latin School graduate. It is customary to associate these three words with a glorious death upon the field of battle, and in this respect the phrase might indeed be used to describe the decease of a great number of Latin School men; but used in its broader sense, we could hardly find a phrase in the English language, which would more accurately picture the Latin School spirit, as typified by its graduates. Has it not always been true that Death has overtaken the Latin School man standing staunchly and steadfastly at his post of duty? Has it not been customary for the graduate of this School to be actively engaged in launching a ship, guiding the destiny of a Nation, helping the less fortunate, or imparting his knowledge to a pupil, even at the hour of his death? Have there been many men in the history of the Latin School, who as the years advanced, have resigned themselves to a feeble-minded, decrepit, and doddering, old age? No, more than for its success in preparing students for college, more than for the difficulty with which a boy succeeds in mastering its course, this School is noted for its output of MEN, men who have never given up in any struggle, men who have gone down fighting "to the last ditch."

And it is up to us, as we have been told time and time again, as we have been and will be reminded from the day of our entrance into the Latin School to the day of our exit from the same, "to carry on the work which these dead have thus far so nobly advanced," to live the life of the typical Latin School "boy," and finally, when our work is done, to be "Killed in Action."

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### BATHOS

They had walked halfway through Davis Park at a fast pace. Finally they sank side by side on a bench in an out-of-the-way corner. Apparently they were alone.

Both of them were highly excited. She covered her face with her hands and shuddered, "Oh, Jack, this is dreadful, terrible."

"Awful," he agreed, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"To think of the loss of ideals, hope, maybe even life itself," and she sobbed gently.

"Come, come, let's not think about it. Maybe things aren't as—"

At this point the park policeman, who had been attracted, butted in, "What's the trouble little girl, can I help you?"

"Why, why no, I guess not. We were just thinking how terrible it would be if we had never met."

\* \* \*

"I think I'll bring my car up here with the next fall."

"But, you haven't got a car."

"Oh, stop! You might let me think."

\* \* \*

People who live in glass houses should go into the florist business.

"What kind of dog is that?"

"Police dog."

"Awwwan."

"Yeah. Secret police. He's in disguise."

\* \* \*

In the orchestra of life there are many qualified to play the liar.

\* \* \*

"I read in the paper that Henry Ford is going to build a million flivver airships."

"Maybe that's a step to put the Ford joke on a higher plane."

\* \* \*

"You certainly are a wonderful tennis player, Mr. Racket."

"I only wish you meant that, Miss Nette."

"So do I."

\* \* \*

A new popular ballad: "Wind up your beard, Grandpa, Mother is going to serve the soup."

\* \* \*

Son: "Mama, why are you baking that cake?"

Mama: "I'm going to send it to the orphanage."

Son: "Mama, doesn't charity begin at home?"

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'er: "What are you doing for a living?"

'im: "Breathing."  
\* \* \*

"Few geniuses wear long hair now."

"No, it is the bald-headed man that is coming out on top."  
\* \* \*

"What are you doing for exercise these days?"

"Quite a bit. Whenever I feel particularly athletic, I go down to the gym and watch basket-ball practice."  
\* \* \*

Ossifer: "Yer arrested fer passing a trolley car on the wrong side."

Sweet Young Damsel: "Why you can't arrest me. This isn't my auto, and I am driving without a license."  
\* \* \*

"Waiter, this steak is terribly tough."

"Sir, we are not responsible for the morals of our food."  
\* \* \*

Two deaf men meet on the same road.

First Deaf Man: "How do you do?"

Second Deaf Man: "How do you do?"

First Deaf Man: "Going fishing?"

Second Deaf Man: "No, I'm going fishing."

First Deaf Man: "Oh! I thought you said you were going fishing."  
\* \* \*

Captain (giving exercises): "Leg exercise."

Major Southern: "Jones, why don't you do it?"

Jones: "I can't."

Major: "Well, bring a note from your doctor."

Jones: "No sir, I'll bring one from the tailor."  
\* \* \*

While boating in the bay one night,

I saw the ocean's arm,

Steal gently 'round a neck of land,

To keep its shoulders warm.

# INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT INTERESTING PEOPLE

Jay Gould. One night Jay's child was crying. Mrs. Gould said to her husband, "Jay, walk'er." And so the expression, jay walker, originated.

John Stuart Mill. Mr. Mill's wife, Jenny, was walking down the street one day. John had not been home for three days; she stopped a passerby and said, "Have you seen my husband?" The person replied, "Saw Mill yesterday." So this is the first we hear of the term "saw-mill." Jenny went home and in a few days invented a sawmill and we hear about them to this day.  
\* \* \*

Stude: "I don't like some of these flies."

Indignant Waiter: "Well pick out the ones you don't like and I will kill them for you."  
\* \* \*

"Why are you cleaning the umbrella stand?"

"Because we have company this evening."

"Surely you don't think they would steal umbrellas?"

"No—but they might identify some of them."  
\* \* \*

Dumb man: "How many men work in your factory?"

Deaf man: "About one out of every ten."  
\* \* \*

Wife: "I expect all my daughters to make brilliant marriages."

Husband: "You can't expect them to follow you in everything, my dear."  
\* \* \*

Indignant Admirer (to a small-part lady who had a row with the theatre manager): "But surely the other girls will stand by you, dear."

She: "Oh, they've all offered to take my part, if that's what you mean!"



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This shoe, the brain child of Charles M. Riddock, who smiles as shoemen marvel at his product fresh from the mold or still in shape after months of wear, is called Rids-Kids, the wonder shoe.

There is not a stitch and no welting in this unique and sturdy footwear, nor is there any leather. No nails enter into its construction to break through later, nor is there any lining to crack or wrinkle or heel stay to work loose, rub on heel and cause blisters. In brief, this shoe is all one piece, even the tongue being formed and properly attached as the product comes from the mold as complete and true to measurement as the costly vase. The only thing that does not come out of the mold is the shoe lace.

The material of the shoe is a composition invented by Mr. Riddock, and hard tests over a period of six months or more have shown that its wearing qualities are superior to those of leather.

The mold is made according to the last desired and the material so adapts itself to the mold that the finished shoe comes out exact in size. The effect of the stitching, perforations and other style adornment appearing on the usual shoe is so accurately reproduced by the mold that even experienced shoemen have discovered the actual reproduction only after studied examination.

Rids-Kids are claimed by the makers, the Riddock Process Corp., of 25 Huntington Ave., Boston, to be absolutely waterproof. They also take a shine equal to that taken by leather, and liquid polish and paste do not injure them.

The simplicity in manufacture makes it possible to turn Rids-Kids out to retail at \$1.50 to \$2.50 per pair.

*(The Shoe Buyer, August 1925.)*

These shoes are ideal for school boys and younger children and may be purchased at retail by calling at the offices of the

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Boston



"And how are you feeling this morning, my dear Gaston?"

"Why my dear Alphonso, I am so sick that I can't keep a thing on my stomach but my hand. And last night while I was playing bridge, I felt so badly that I threw up my cards."

\* \* \*

Ned: "He plays a fair golf game, doesn't he?"

Ted: "Yes, if you watch him."

Sweet Young Thing: "Why do they always call a ship 'she?'"

Aged Salt: "Why—beggin' your parding, ma'am—that's because the riggin' costs so much."

\* \* \*

Sam: "What am yo' doin' now?"

Bo: "I'se an exporter."

Sam: "An exporter?"

Bo: "Yeah, de Pullman Company jest fiahed me."

## LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

NOVEMBER, 1925

VOL. XLV

No. 3

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Old Lady: "It was very good. However I don't see why guests should advertise their misfortunes."

H. M.: "What do you mean?"

O. L.: "Why, you take for example, that page boy. He's shouting: Mrs. Brown missed her car!"

H. M.: "Pardon me, but he's shouting: Mrs. Brown, Mr. Carr."

AND THEN THE FUN BEGAN

Angry parent striding into dimly lighted room: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter!"

Daring Dan: "Wish you would, old boy, I'm not making much headway."

\* \* \*

Frosh: "Give me an ice cream cone, please."

Soda Jerk: "Five or ten?"

Frosh: "Just one."

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